

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



ESCAPE OF THE SPY.

## ANSON GREGG'S WEDDING.

CHAPTER V.

THE voice of the General rang over the still lake like the notes of a trumpet, as the truth of the spy's escape burst upon him, "Secure that fellow," he cried, "or you shall answer for it with your lives. Over after him! Swim! swim! One hundred pounds to whoever takes him, dead or alive."

There was a rush on board, and then plunge after

plunge into the morning mist-covered lake. Soldier was immediately grappling for life with soldier. All was confusion, noise, dismay, and the general saw too late the folly of his impetuous command. Many of the men, who, with the love of true English discipline in their hearts, had been glad to return to prompt obedience, and had thrown themselves at once into the water, were unable to swim, and soon the calls and shrieks of the drowning filled the air.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"If a prisoner may ask a favour," said Colonel Norton, with a face of ashy paleness, moving for the first time from the spot where he had surrendered, "I am a good swimmer; let me save all I can."

The ghastly look on the general's face, Colonel Norton never forgot. There was scarcely time to answer, before the colonel was in the water. A death face came up beside him, as he struck, to be seized and held until the boats could be lowered and brought to the rescue.

So great had been the confusion and dismay, this simple act had not been thought of at first, but now, in a few minutes, the vessels near them hearing the calls for help, the lake was covered with boats, and shouts of joy announced one rescue after another, until sixteen out of the twenty who had obeyed the command were brought back in safety to their ship.

The general, leaning helplessly over the railing, had watched every deed of daring by which Colonel Norton had distinguished himself above all others in the rescue. Seeing him now in his wet clothes on the same spot, and in the same position of prisoner from which he had started at the call of mortal terror, he approached him, and said,—

"Colonel Norton, you must be now as well aware as I am of the true character of the man for whose life you plead. You must see, not only that by this escape my own position in the army is seriously affected, but also that our success throughout the whole campaign is perilled. However unwisely you may have acted, it is too late to change these results; but for your noble self-forgetting, for your bravery in saving so many lives of these drowning men, I can and do still honour you. It gives me satisfaction to restore to you your sword. Soldiers," he continued, turning with great dignity upon the crowding men, "I give to your colonel his forfeited life in return for those he has saved to you. Back now, every man of you, to your duty!"

Then and there arose a true English cheer. It rang over the still waters to the surrounding shores. It startled the sentry on his watch-tower at the forts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and made the countrymen who were stationed along the shores of the lake spring from their retreats to bear swift tidings to the waiting ones at home of a speedy attack, the war cry of which had been borne to them so ominously on the morning air.

"My lord," said Colonel Norton, as the cheers ceased, "for the evil I have done let me do my best to atone. Permit me to man a few boats and capture this spy when he touches land. He will be something more than human if he escapes me, heavily laden as he is."

"Quick, then," impatiently answered the general. "If he can be taken, every moment we lose may cost us a battle. Lower the boats, men! Colonel Norton commands you. A hundred pounds once more for the rebel, dead or alive!"

Six boats lightly manned pushed off with as little delay as possible from this and other vessels near enough to be made quickly to understand the emergency, and when the first rays of the sun came stealing up over the mountain tops, and glanced down on to the lake, they saw men in solemn earnest in their work; brown English faces bent with anxious solicitude towards every curve upon the distant shore; strong English arms tossing away the water from over their bending oars, while they forced the sharp prows of their boats through the dimpling waves.

In the meantime, where was Anson Gregg? The moment his prison door was opened, and he saw the face of the general standing before it, he knew his doom was sealed.

In the commander's agitated face he read that he was aware of his having heard the state secrets. His disguise would avail him no longer, he felt that he must die as a spy. A drowning man, it is said, lives over the whole of his life in one of those last instants of time. As Lieutenant Gregg was dragged up the narrow stairs, so near did death seem that his mind flew back with the rapidity of lightning to his boyhood's days. He heard his mother's voice, never heard since those years, so long ago, when she spoke over him her parting blessing—that holy Puritan blessing, "May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless you, my boy, for ever," and now he should soon be with that mother, and Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and the forever would be *eternity*. Then came his little sister, sunny-haired, sunny-eyed, sunny-hearted. He saw her distant grave, small and green, and under the sod the white hands folded, tiny hands that had once held the same playthings with his own, and his were a man's now. He looked at them, swollen and discoloured by his captor's tight hold, uncertainly, as we see things in a dream. This childhood and this manhood there were no years between, time was already lost in the near eternity. And then trooped on, one by one, the solitary years with his father in their new home. The unbroken forest, the paths trodden by no feet but theirs; little nooks among them that his boy heart had loved; tame squirrels with their long sweeping tails, pet birds coming at his call, the very sunlight dancing in and out the glancing leaves. No matter how trivial, or how long forgotten the object, it was as if the light from that land which needs no sun streamed suddenly along the gallery of his life, touching the fading pictures, giving back to the faint images their lost bright and vivid colours.

Singular as it may seem, it is yet true that Blossom, his bride, was the last in these sudden memories. She came to him, with the rush of the fresh, free air, his heart bounding towards her with a fierce longing that shook every fibre of his stalwart frame. The men who held him thought it mortal terror; they saw his face blanch, his lips grow white and rigid, and they heard him mutter in a tone of agony, "Oh, Blossom! my little Blossom!" But they thought the poor fool maundered in his fright.

But by the time he reached the deck, and saw the men gathering to witness his instant doom, he was himself again.

"Back! back!" This was no time or place for an emotion that crushed out his manhood. If die he must, it was *Lieutenant* Anson Gregg that met his doom. He would at least offer himself freely and nobly for his country's good, a sacrifice of which she needed not to be ashamed.

But as our readers know, the attention of all was soon diverted from him to Colonel Norton, whose slight opposition to his immediate death was so soon to ripen into a mutiny.

He began to look cautiously about to see if no possible means of escape offered, and as the soldiers crowded more and more closely around their colonel, he made his way by almost imperceptible movements, the two men still holding him, nearer to the railing of the deck. This was not difficult to do, for in the intense excitement that now prevailed, the mass were

silently swaying back and forth as if the movement were the voice by which they spoke. Every eye was turned upon Colonel Norton, every thought absorbed by the tragedy which was going on.

Instinctively, however, the guards kept a firmer hold upon his arms. His strong muscles throbbed and ached beneath their steady pressure, but he was hardly conscious of it, for before him swung out the yard-arm, with the fatal preparations already going on.

At last he stood so near the edge of the deck that he could see the little waves as they came up and broke against the vessel's side; every one seemed to call to him, to promise him under their sparkling surface a sure escape, and with their monotonous call mingled Blossom's voice. He seemed to hear it so distinctly that in his bewilderment he found himself looking around to see if she were not there, but all his eye met was the drawn-up battalion, the glittering carabines, the stern fixed faces of the British soldiers, and their general's inexorable look of doom. Strange how, in moments of our most intense excitement, trifles stand out from the solemn procession of death-heralding events, and make the deepest and most abiding impression. Anson Gregg marked all the different insignia which this general wore as badges of his rank and honours; he noticed how the morning breeze danced and quivered in the plume upon his cap, and he thought how that same breeze, coming down from Blossom's mountain home, had first touched her cheek. Everything before him faded away, and there came the homestead, the low latticed window, and the sweet face looking from it out into the solemn old woods for him; looking in vain; listening, with only the mocking sound, through the low sighing pine branches, coming back to whisper, perhaps, of his fate.

"Die like a man, Anson Gregg! Better be shot by a whole volley from those loaded muskets than be hung like a dog."

As these thoughts passed swiftly through his mind, Anson Gregg gave a desperate wrench to his arms, such as no mortal strength, unprepared, could resist, flung the guards from him, paused for one instant to hurl into their midst the paper which contained his name and station, and was gone.

It was instinctive—a brave man's mortal defiance. No idiot now, but Lieutenant Anson Gregg, of the Continental army, and bearer of important secrets to their commander-in-chief, General Washington.

The paper fell unnoticed, and was for the present trodden under foot. The daring act had proclaimed to all that their general was right, and that the escape of this bold spy had endangered the whole British army.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE moments following the escape of Anson Gregg stood for years in his life. Accustomed to every kind of manly sport, he had early become a good swimmer in the waters of the lake, and now as he struck them they seemed like a friendly hand stretched out to save him.

Perfectly collected, he knew that he must dive and come up at as great a distance as possible from the ship, but the old military coat he wore proved an immediate obstacle, which would have been fatal had the emergency been any less. Its heavy embroidery seemed to become iron, and to be forcing him down—down to the very bottom of the lake. Resolutely and

sturdily, however, he moved on, only now and then coming to the surface of the water to breathe, and to cast back a terrified glance at the distance which so slowly widened between him and the ship.

He soon saw the water covered with men in pursuit; he heard the shrieks of the poor fellows who went down one by one to their lone graves; but his strength, already so overtaxed, was failing him. "Oh, Blossom! Blossom!" and he utters again, unconsciously, the dear name to the mocking low cadence of the breaking waves upon the shore, and he hears once more her answer,—

"For your country and your bride, Anson Gregg. Quit you like a man."

"Row! row for your lives!" A new shout breaks on his deafening ear; he turns his weary bloodshot eyes back to see boats lowering, soldiers embarking, to hear short orders given and obeyed. Pursued thus, his last chance has gone. "Farewell life! farewell my precious little Blossom!"

For one moment he lies outstretched upon the heaving waters, the sight of the blue sky over him is so sweet, heaven lies above him, so near, and rest, rest, is all he asks. Vigilant eyes discover him, there is a shout from one boat, answered by all the others, and that shout saves him.

One more struggle. Off with the heavy coat—pull at its clinging sleeves, pull desperately as only a drowning man can, and they yield. Floating upon the current the coat goes wind-tossed down the lake, and quick as the thought, Anson Gregg dives once more, coming up in an opposite direction from that which it has taken.

The boats watch and follow it. Now for your life and your bride, Anson Gregg! Peacefully as on a June morning those little billows of Lake Champlain broke upon their shore, not listing that they bore the great tragedy of a human life to the conclusion of its fifth act, tossing this struggling mortal with his dread eternity as carelessly as they did the bright leaf which the autumn wind was whirling along by his side.

Steadily and sturdily he pulls now, hope nerving his arm, courage taking the place of despair. Clearly the pursuers are chasing the coat; each stroke tells—tells for his life, tells for his bride, tells for his country's freedom. At length his foot touches the firm earth; it was like reaching the golden shores. Saved—saved at last!

Slowly and languidly he drew himself out of the water and sat down. He had come to the land not far from the spot where he had gone on board the boat upon the previous day; every rod was familiar to him now, and the woods near to the water's edge afforded him an immediate retreat should he be seen from the boats.

The coat had been taken and his stratagem discovered, so that no sooner had he allowed himself to stand erect, than he was hailed by the command,—

"Surrender! or you are a dead man!" and all the boats were headed towards him.

"God save the United States of America!" he shouted back, his voice sounding through the clear morning air like a clarion's notes.

A shower of bullets whizzed past him for reply, and turning at once he made his way slowly into the forest.

Colonel Norton rose in his boat, watching him silently.

"Wilton," he said, addressing his companion, as



Anson Gregg disappeared in the forest, "there goes our undoing. Fool that I was not to have known a Green Mountain boy could take on himself any form he pleased. Well, it is too late now, the whole English army cannot stop that one man."

"But we shall give chase?" answered Wilton, surprised at the tone of discouragement and respect for the rebel in his officer's words.

"Yes, chase until sunset; but we have seen our last of that brave fellow until he comes upon us at the head of a body of men in no whit his inferiors. The lion of England is already crouching before the stars and stripes."

"Crouching for a spring, colonel," answered Wilton, proudly; "we'll wrap that spy's body yet in his own vaunted flag and toss it to the fishes, as I do this," hurling a small stick into the dimpling waves; but the colonel shook his head and the conversation ended.

Anson Gregg, it must be confessed, had not assumed his slow and careless gait without much trepidation. His object had been to give to his pursuers the idea that he felt perfect confidence in his own safety, but this was far from being the fact. He was exhausted from his confinement in the close air of the cabin, and also by his want of food and the exertions necessary for his escape. His sight grew indistinct. The great scarlet trees waved their arms before him threateningly, and the dim outline of the trail upon which he was dependent for making his way out of the otherwise pathless woods, was fast being hidden from him in the eddying dead leaves which whirled and danced before his uncertain vision.

There was a low murmuring sound, as of rushing waters in his ears; he staggered on a few paces, then fell heavily against the broken trunk of a tree, and the leaves, the waters, the patch of blue sky hanging over him, gradually faded from his sight.

When his consciousness returned he was immediately aware of the nearness of human beings, and fortunately he was able to preserve the utmost stillness.

He had fallen into a thicket, so that he was entirely concealed from sight. Uttering a short prayer for help, he almost held his breath, while he listened to a conversation which was going on close beside him.

"If we only had the Indians here now," he heard Colonel Norton say, "there might be hope. They follow a scent like an English hound; but for us, or our men, we might as well attempt to burrow out a fox as to find him."

"A good foxhunter might do that," answered the well-remembered voice of Wilton.

"Hardly without his dogs," said the colonel; "but if we must give chase, call off the men in pairs, and charge them, as they value their lives, not to go beyond the sound of the call. Let them repeat it often to each other, and have no fool-hardiness, Wilton."

"The spy's life is worth a score of lives of common soldiers," answered Wilton, impatiently.

"But lost men cannot bring him to us, or us to him."

"Forward! to your duty!" was the only answer he received, and the men moved on.

Anson Gregg lay motionless, until the sound of their retiring footsteps was lost, then slowly raised himself with a strange trembling of the limbs, and, half blinded, he groped his way into the opening he had left, and fortunately for him—he thought as a

direct answer to his prayer—he fell at once upon the trail. He could still hear the soldiers call one to another as they timidly penetrated into these unknown wilds; their voices echoed strange and ghost-like through the distempered chambers of his brain, but he had sense enough to know they had taken another direction from that which he designed to follow: so he plunged with slow and tottering steps in amid the tall friendly trees, and cautiously and silently, as one stepping by the side of the valley and shadow of death, made his way towards the home where his bride had all this long eventful day been awaiting him.

#### CHAPTER VII.

We must now go back in our story to the wedding preparations making at Mr. Merwin's.

We left Blossom and her mother settling the important question of demand and supply. This settled to their satisfaction, Blossom waited only to be sure her occupations would drive from her mother's mind the painful thought that they were all for an event which would leave the home of her old age lonely and childless, then slipped quietly away to her own room.

The morning of her wedding-day! And the rich autumn sun was lying warm and golden in its early glory on the fading grass and the myriad coloured leaves. The low whistle of the cold wind came down from the snow-covered mountain tops, and the rushing sound of the Otter Creek river told of maddened waters leaping frantically towards the freedom of the lake. But for her, to-day, there was no chill in the mountain breeze, no anger in the roaring water; the golden sunlight quivered over all, and the soft rich sky bent down upon the brown and withering earth, as if promising to the perishing by its own unchanging beauty another and a brighter life.

What secrets did Blossom whisper to this morning time? Her pulses are leaping and thrilling, her heart laden with its weight of joy until it grows weary from its very happiness, as she bends out into this glad day listening—listening for him.

Suspense in moments of joy or sorrow is almost equally difficult to bear. There came to her no footfall on the rustling leaves, and all down the dim opening vista of the forest paths no human form parted the interlacing boughs.

Where was Anson? Why did he not come? To answer these questions the sooner, Blossom stole softly out of the house and down the scarcely worn tracks over which she expected him. Starting at every sound, coyly turning aside and hiding herself in the woods, if even a squirrel dropped a nut around her, she walked miles before she was aware how great a distance she had gone from home; then, at the sudden thought that he might have come in some other direction, and she not there to receive him, she hurried back. As she approached the house, she watched every sign of life. The door had its hospitable latch down, and no expectant face greeted her at the window.

Stealing round to the kitchen, she peeped in. There stood her mother, still intent on her household cares. She was alone, but not so intent but that she heard the light footfall.

"Why, Blossom," she said, turning half-rebukingly towards her, "where have you been loitering this busy morning? and such a world of work yet to be done;

more wax on the door-sills; the brass candlesticks want another polishing; the turkey ought to have been spitted a half-hour ago. We are all behindhand, and,—

"The Lord have mercy!" she exclaimed, suddenly interrupting herself, as she looked at Blossom for the first time. "What ails the child?"

Blossom made no answer. This sudden domestic clatter, falling upon her excited nerves, made her dizzy, almost faint; she felt about for a chair, and when her mother, without another word, moved one towards her and gently seated her in it, she leaned her head against her bosom, and broke out into a childish fit of tears.

"Well, now," said her mother, wiping them away with a corner of her calico apron, "I never saw the like of it; Anson may be here any minute, and catch them fresh on your cheek. There, hush, darling, hush," and she croned over her child with those dear, never-to-be-forgotten tones heard in babyhood. Only one impression, however, did she make upon Blossom.

Anson had not come. Where could he be? As if for answer, just at that moment the great mahogany clock standing in the corner of the kitchen struck the hour of twelve.

"Early morning, he said," whispered Blossom, almost unconsciously.

"But, Blossom, you are not fretting about that," said her mother, catching the words, "at such a time as this, when no one can tell what an hour may bring forth; it is very childish in you."

Perhaps no words of sympathy would have had the immediate and beneficial effect of these few half-chiding ones. Blossom felt that she was nervous and childish, and grew calm as she sat shivering over the great open fireplace, trying to make Anson's handsome face in the burning coals.

"Nothing could happen to him, he was so brave, and so very, very true," she whispered to herself again, but almost aloud.

"True as steel," chimed in her mother. "True!" stopping and looking sharply at Blossom, as she repeated the word; "you wouldn't even in your innermost heart doubt his fidelity, Blossom Merwin?"

Before Blossom could answer there was the unquestionable sound of steps approaching the house, and then the door was opened, and there stood—not Anson Gregg, as my reader well knows, but Uncle Jerome, with the three great rough cousins, Green Mountain boys, every one of whom had had, some time during his short manhood, dreams of transplanting this fair blossom to bloom in his own home.

Blossom never thought of running away and playing the bride, but she held her round velvet cheek up to them, one and all, for the greeting kiss, and only blushed a little when Uncle Jerome said,—

"To-morrow Anson might make some objection to that part of the welcoming."

Then came Sam, and Tim, and John, and Aunt Mary. Dear Aunt Mary. Blossom quivered and trembled towards her, clinging to her great motherly heart, when she whispered,—

"Forty years ago James and I were married, and I have been his bride ever since. May you be able to say the same, my darling, forty years from to-night." And Blossom answered by a half-choked sigh, which Aunt Mary knew meant she was very, very happy.

And so they gathered in one party after another,

until before the close of the short fall day the house was full with the merriest of all guests, those bidden to a wedding.

Blossom moved round among them, gentle and quiet, receiving the attentions of which, of course, she was the centre, in the sweet winning way which had always made her so beloved. Nor did she allow the harrowing anxiety that every moment of the deepening twilight increased, to mar the general happiness, until it was impossible to bear it another moment, then she broke down with a great sob, and Aunt Mary led her away.

No sooner was the door closed behind her than the laugh and joke which had been indulged in mainly on her account ceased, and a serious, anxious look settled down over the whole company.

There was no minister nearer than Rutland, a town nearly thirty miles away, and Mr. Merwin had gone on the previous day to bring one home with him to perform the marriage ceremony; so that his absence gave a deeper sense of responsibility to the relatives who were assembled, while at the same time it prevented them from taking any active measure to discover what by this time was the wonder of all, the reason of Anson Gregg's protracted absence.

There were several there to whom Anson's design of taking the character of a spy, and of venturing upon one of the vessels in the lake, was partially known; though even to them his choosing a time so near his wedding-day seemed too improbable to make that apparent as the reason for his absence. The plans of the English officers with regard to the employment of the Indians as allies, and the ultimate destination of any rebels who should fall into their hands, were also suspected; but as yet there had been no attack, and no certainty of the enemy being near enough to have either captured Anson Gregg and his father, or to have put in their way obstacles sufficient to have deterred them from coming on such an occasion. Yet so near and so imminent had these perils seemed to each guest at Mr. Merwin's, that before leaving his home he had removed every article of value to a safe hiding-place, and had turned the key in his doors, with a doubt whether he should ever see his home again. It may be imagined that under these circumstances the protracted absence of Mr. Merwin, the minister, Anson Gregg, and his father, became every moment more and more a subject not only of great anxiety, but of alarm. Every few minutes one of the men went out from the house, dropped upon the ground, and, putting his ear close to it, listened attentively, hoping to catch the sound of a distant footfall; and then, as time wore on, and those expected came not, they brought the arms, without which no one had ventured abroad, but which they had, in gentle courtesy to the occasion, left outside the house, into the parlour, placing them so that they could be ready for use at a moment's warning.

The bright fire sparkled and shone upon the burnished steel, kindling strange wedding lights, in the glare of which pale faces looked more ghastly, and forced smiles took a weird, unearthly appearance not fitting to those bidden to a feast. And yet not a question was asked, or a remark made, discordant with the occasion. To be prepared for any emergency, but not to intrude it unnecessarily, seemed by general consent to be the rule of action; so both men and women sat and listened, the slow hours moving on.

At last there was undeniably the sound of coming

wheels—they were heard at a long distance by the excited and listening household.

The horse came rapidly. It was not so dark but two figures were soon discernible riding in one of those carts called buckboards—one long board fastened upon four strong wheels, the seat in the middle—which are even to this day so much used in this part of the country; and long before it reached the house they were recognised as Mr. Merwin, and the minister, good old Father Thompson.

There was no shout, no word of greeting on either side. The waggon stopped before the door, and as the light from the parlour streamed out upon the group gathered before it, Mr. Merwin's eyes ran hastily over it, as if to assure himself who was there.

"Where is Anson?" was the first question he asked.

"Not come," answered Uncle Jerome, cheerfully, "but the boy is pretty nigh, or I lose my guess. This isn't a night to slip one's memory, eh, Brother Merwin?"

"Is his father here?" was the next inquiry.

"Now do you think the old gentleman would come across that patch of woods alone, when Anson was only a step, maybe, behind him. I guess you are tired, Brother Merwin; come in, and get sharpened up a bit. And here is Mr. Thompson, too, well-nigh frozen, aren't you? Cold reception this for such a warm occasion; but we will make amends by-and-by, you may be sure of that," said Uncle Jerome, heartily.

Father Thompson's usually jovial voice uttered only a few formal words in reply. They fell with an ominous chill on those who listened; and never was Cato the horse followed to the stable by a larger

party willing to assist in the work of unharnessing than to-night. Anywhere away from Blossom, so that she could not hear a word of their doubts and fears, and they could speak to each other freely. In the stable, with the dim lantern's light so shrouded that it could not attract attention from any who might be watching, the very worst they had to dread was at last openly discussed.

Mr. Merwin had heard reports at Rutland which more than confirmed their fears. He thought an attack might be expected at any moment, and he knew the Indians who were to engage in it were among the most cruel and ferocious in the country.

Anson Gregg had concealed from him the secret service which he was to perform, but it had been whispered to him at Rutland; and there he had also learned the unusual perils by which it would be surrounded, as new vessels had come down the lake within a day or two, and small boats had been observed cruising about in search of spies; but he had great confidence in Anson's bravery and singular good sense. He did not fear his running any foolish venture at such or indeed at any time.

"He would not put himself where he would lose his life, the brave boy knows how much his country needs him just now; and more than that, that dead men tell no tales. He will come out all right by-and-by; I wish I felt as secure for our wives and our children," he said to the listening group. "But after all, I am not wholly unprepared. There are ten of us men. Go back all of you to the house quietly, as if there was nothing to fear (no need to frighten the women yet), but brother Jerome's three boys. We will see that my preparations have not been meddled with."

Without another word all silently obeyed.

## CHILDREN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

### IV.

THE middle of the seventeenth century, with its political strifes and civil war, was a dreary age as to sports and pastimes. It must have been a dull time for the children. How they must have missed the merry May Day,—the raising of the may-pole, brought on its ponderous waggon by a team of oxen, with garlands of flowers round their sturdy necks; maidens in their gay kirtles, and the foresters in green, with the merry Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and Little John; then the morris-dancers, with the blithe music of the old piper setting them all to join hands and dance, footing it as much to the music of their own light hearts as to his playing. Then the keeping of Whitsuntide and the sheep-shearing festivities, when "cheese cakes" and "warden pies" were looked forward to as pleasant delicacies; and the joyous harvest-feast, when the last load of corn was borne home on the waggon, with a figure all brilliantly attired standing amongst the golden sheaves, as Ceres, while tripping by the side came men and maidens shouting lustily. And Christmas, with its merry revels, and music, and pageants! Let us hope that with the abolition of the revelry there was not lost the spirit of gratitude for God's bounteous gifts which had first originated the keeping of the festivals.

Eton Montem was practised as early as Elizabeth, and continued in vogue until some thirty years ago,

when it was done away with. The railroad, by bringing crowds of thieves and other bad characters from London, made what had been a joyous day of fun a mere noisy and dangerous riot, so that it was deemed better to discontinue it. For the benefit of those of my young readers who may not have heard of the ceremony, I will describe it. The boy who was captain of the school chose a certain number of officers, and the whole party, dressed in magnificent fancy dresses, marched to Salt Hill shouting "Salt! salt!" (salt being a classical emblem for learning or wisdom), stopping in their progress every one, gentle or simple, for a contribution—even the stage-coaches, and in later years the train passengers also. The officers carried bags for the cash, and many times over three hundred pounds has been collected. The money was for the captain, and the amount collected depended on his popularity; but he was expected to give a grand dinner to the boys, and pay all the expenses of the day, which no doubt took much of the "gilt off the gingerbread." The use of this homely saying reminds me of fairs, as from the gingerbread kings, covered with gold paper, sold at them, this saying comes. I think the first fair of any great notoriety was Charlton Fair, commonly called Horn Fair, held on St. Luke's Day; and taking its name from the custom of carrying and wearing horns,



which appears to have originated from the symbol accompanying the figure of St. Luke, which is an ox or cow with very demonstrative horns. At this fair rams' horns were sold, and even the gingerbread figures had horns. Some date the fair as a grant from King John, but this is disputed. Bartholomew Fair comes next in order. Smithfield, where it was held, was a market-place for cattle, hay, and straw, and James I ordered it to be paved. In 1614 it was commenced, and before the following year completed, and "Bartholomew Fair there kept, without breaking any of the paved ground, but the booths discreetly ordered to stand fast upon the ground." Unhappily, fairs, which might have been a really agreeable excuse for a merry day in the open air, became only excuses for drunkenness and rioting, and have been by degrees almost done away with; but by the little ones they must have been looked forward to, and the "gingerbread husbands" considered an indispensable "fairing" to be purchased.

With the death of Cromwell and accession of the "Merry Monarch," other days came back. Fashion resumed her throne; and, as if in revenge for her long desertion, she rushed into extravagance and excess. As, says a well-known authority on costume, "the dress which in the reign of Charles I had reached the highest point of picturesque splendour, degenerated from this moment, and expired in the square coat, cocked hat, full bottomed wig, and jack-boots of the following century."

In this reign the wearing of wigs became fashionable—a fashion, it is said, brought from France. The king, Louis XIV, had as a boy a beautiful head of hair, which hung in long curls on his shoulders; the courtiers had wigs made to imitate his natural locks, which obtained the name of "peruke." The fashion was soon conveyed to England, and adopted by the gentlemen under the name of periwig. Louis, when he lost his hair, returned the compliment of his courtiers by wearing a wig. Stockings of leather, silk, woollen, and worsted were worn for men and children, and the neckcloth of Brussels or Flanders lace tied in a knot hanging down square. The dress of the women was even in more marked contrast to the stately stiffness of their ancestors. Elegant negligence characterised it. The hair falling in soft curls on their shoulders, was simply kept in control by a bandeau of jewels, or fastened back by a flower—a style that if imitated now, would banish the huge ungraceful and unmeaning "lump" which has been so long disfiguring the heads of our young ladies. So fashionable even were the curled wigs for gentlemen at this period—adopted also by quite boys—that a female hair-dresser boasted that she could cut and curl boys' hair in so fine a way that it should be impossible to know it to be their own hair!

In this reign lived Daniel Huet, famous for his extraordinary love of study, and for being one of the promoters of an edition of the Classics made for the use of the Dauphin, called the "Delphin edition." I mention him here, as in his memoirs he describes amusingly his difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge, and his perseverance may be an encouragement. Notwithstanding his intense application to learning he lived to the fine old age of ninety-one, having resigned a bishopric to indulge in peace his literary tastes. He was an orphan, and brought up by an aunt; and the torments of his cousins, whose amusement, he says, was running, jumping, and playing, and who no doubt considered him a sad dull

and stupid fellow, he amusingly describes. After mentioning a variety of ways in which they tormented him, he says: "In order to indulge my taste, it was my custom to rise with the sun whilst they were bound in sleep, and hide myself in the wood, or seek some thick shade which might conceal me from their sight while I was reading and studying in quiet. It was their practice, however, to hunt amongst the bushes, and by throwing stones or wet sods, or squirting water through the branches, to drive me from my hiding-places." It strikes me by this account that the little ones of the seventeenth century strongly resembled those of the nineteenth, and that there are rather more children like the troublesome cousins than the studious Huet.

With the mirthful, musical Charles, music, which had been stopped by the Puritans, was restored, and the holidays were again observed in true old English fashion. On Valentine's Day presents of silk stockings, garters, and jewellery were sent to the fair valentines. On the 1st of May, girls and matrons went to the fields to gather May-dew to wash their faces, and milkmaids danced in the street with their pails wreathed with garlands. New Year's Day was observed as a season for gifts, and the king had an offering in money from his nobles. Circulating libraries commenced in this reign, and no doubt were a boon to those who had quiet tastes, and found no amusement in bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and cock-fighting.

The short reigns of James II and William and Mary have but little change in the dress. The peruke or periwig was still worn, and it became the fashion to comb the wig with combs of beautiful workmanship carried in the pocket with the snuff-box. The broad-brimmed hat was turned up or cocked, and "falling bands" had given place to small Geneva bands; the rich lace neckcloth was still worn, but so long as to pass the ends through the button-holes of the waistcoats. Shoe-buckles began to be worn in place of rosettes. The long flowing ringlets of the women were banished, and the hair combed up from the forehead and surmounted by piles of riband and lace in rows. Tight sleeves and ruffles replaced the elegant full sleeve, and a stomacher covered the neck; and with little variety this style was continued through the reign of Queen Anne.

With the mention of this queen our thoughts come back to literature, and we begin to see the beginning of a larger contribution to children's books. The fairy tales came, of which composition Dickens wrote: "It would be hard to estimate the amount of gentleness and mercy which has made its way among us through these slight channels. Forbearance, courtesy, consideration for the poor and aged, kind treatment of animals, the love of nature, abhorrence of tyranny and brute force—many such good things have been nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid. It has greatly helped to keep us ever young, by preserving through our worldly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds where we may walk with our children sharing their delights."

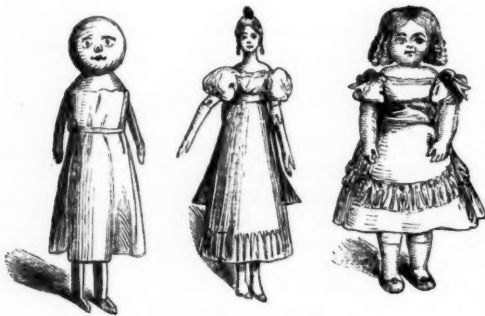
"Robinson Crusoe," another immortal book, founded, it is supposed, on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, was published in this reign; and our hero "Jack the Giant Killer," of illustrious memory, and "Gulliver's Travels;" and yet how few in comparison with the flood of child literature to be found now. Still it was a step in the right direction; but it is a wonder how the books attained the popu-

larity they did with children, written in such quaint and wordy style as they were even up to the beginning of this century. The pains taken for the entertainment of our little folks now is in such singular contrast, that I am continually obliged to notice it; and the question exists in my mind, Will they be the better for the pains taken with them? Dryden, Pope, Steele, Addison, had only such meagre food to nourish their minds as was to be found in their day, and yet they have made themselves names which shall never die.

It is long since I mentioned toys, and I must now make allusion to the boxes of toys constructed in the old German town of Nuremberg, which are still denizens of every nursery, and beloved by every child. An old distich says, and I can remember feeling very much affronted when it was quoted to me,—

"What the children of Holland take pleasure in making,  
The children of England take pleasure in breaking."

It is to the busy fingers of little Dutch children our own English ones are indebted for those charming farms; those little towns with the red-roofed houses; the sheep-folds; the boxes of furniture; King Nutcracker himself, and the endless Dutch dolls, which are now being supplanted by china ones. Between the little images which are mentioned as the playthings of the Roman and early Christian children, I can discern no account of this last-named toy; but that in all ages the natural mother-love inherent in little girls has made a doll an indispensable part of their child existence there can be no doubt, and the wonderful improvement in their beauty in the last century is very noticeable.



DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

The fearful wooden monstrosity, painted a full pink, with a sharp point for a nose, which must have inflicted a wound every time its poor little mother kissed it, its black woolly hair, and its strange shapeless body, with a kind of stem as a substitute for legs, I can just remember. The very large Dutch dolls, with yellow ear-rings in their ears, were a decided improvement. The wax face, with the saw-dust body and leather arms and legs, was a still further refinement; and then these members were composed of wax, and the staring eyes could be closed in slumber by a wire, which after some weeks of diligent using became so loose that dolly went to sleep at most inopportune moments, and indeed was seldom found quite awake. Then came composition dolls, leather dolls, indiarubber, china, and the exquisite modelled dolls which adorn the toy-shops now. Who can help stopping in the Burlington

Arcade to look at the variety of elaborately dressed figures, in all sizes, which make little eyes sparkle and little hearts yearn to possess one?—the dimpled shoulders and chubby arms and legs, the real soft hair hanging down the back, or in short shiny curls adorning the head of a pretty boy-doll, in his plaid frock and Scotch cap; the little lady in full fashionable costume, who tells you she can cry, and walk, and call "papa" and "mamma," all forming such an attractive window that it is a matter of difficulty to get the little ones by. But still the same amount of affection and interest was lavished on their less beautiful ancestors, and I can remember loving intensely an unhappy object who had lost one eye and her wig, and I think I loved it the more because it was so afflicted—turning its affliction to account, with the ingenuity of my age, by introducing crumbs of cake or bread into the vacant space which the eyes had left, and imagining I was feeding it—for this process had always troubled me, and I was charmed to find the food disappearing so fast, which before I had been compelled to eat myself. Another refinement in the visual organs of the wax babies is the weight in the head which closes the eyes when the doll lies down, and answers much better than the wire; but we must not travel so far down as this. In the year 1715, to which I have now brought you, toys of all kinds were far behind the present; and I think if a little child of that age could be transported into one of our toy-shops, he would think he had entered fairyland.

In the reigns of the first Georges the state of society was not calculated to improve, enlighten, or healthfully amuse the children. The schooling of girls ended when they were fifteen, and but little was taught them during that brief period. Nor were boys much better instructed: a "little Latin and less Greek," the accomplishments of dancing and music, and the grand tour to finish with, and then the young man was launched into society, having only picked up in his rambles the fashions and frivolities of foreign countries.

Had children, however, been educated with a taste for reading, there was but little fit for them to read. In the catalogue of chap-books I have before referred to, there is one bearing no date, but apparently belonging to this time, called "The Afflicted Parents; or, the Undutiful Child punished." The title-page describes the tale as follows: "Showing how a gentleman living in the city of Chester had two children—a son, and a daughter who was about two years younger than the son; how the girl gave good advice to her brother; how he rejected it, and knocked her down, left her for dead, and then went away; how an angel appeared to him, and how he discovered the murder—was taken up, tried, cast, and condemned to die. Showing how he was executed with two highwaymen, being cut down, put into his coffin, carried home to his father's house, and preparing for his funeral. How he came to life again; how he sent for a minister and discovered to him several strange things, which, after he had related, was executed a second time for a warning to all disobedient children."

Another is called, "A Timely Warning to Rash and Disobedient Children; being a strange and wonderful history of a young gentleman who sold himself to the Evil One;" a description of story formerly very common, and believed in by the ignorant. These appear to be the style of stories at this age provided



for the little ones. A powerful belief in witchcraft and fortune-telling produced a number of books on this subject, which could not have been healthy reading for either young or old. Speaking of tales at this period reminds me of one which is to be found in the "Child's Own Book," which my little readers will remember, under the title of "Fatal and Fortune," wherein Fatal was whipped whenever Fortune was naughty and refused to learn. This plan was actually tried with the young king Louis xv, by his governess. His hatred of learning was so great, and his conduct so bad in every way, that the lady, feeling she could not chastise a king, adopted this method of reproof; but his disposition was too mean and ungenerous to be induced to learn or improve by such means. He grew up vicious and ignorant, and has the unenviable notoriety of being the worst king of his race. But I think it not improbable that the story I mention was suggested by the fact, as we are indebted to our French neighbours for many charming tales which still are, and I hope ever will remain, amongst the most popular with our little ones.

Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, and Mrs. Inchbald, were in the reign of George II beginning their career of authorship, but they did not arrive at the height of their popularity until a later date.

In 1793 a book called "The Looking-Glass" was published, being a set of tales chiefly translated from a book called "L'Ami des Enfants." I shall quote a page of it, and give a specimen of the pictures contained, as it affords an example of the style of literature and illustration provided for the young at that period. The story, consisting of three pages, is that of a mother who, having a little boy and girl, has lavished the warmest affection on the boy, who is stated to be a "little cupid," to the neglect of his sister, who is painfully affected by the difference shown, but bears it with wonderful amiability. The mother has a severe illness, during which Leonora nurses her with the greatest care and devotion. On her recovery, however, Mrs. Lennox still treats her daughter with the same severity; but one day, while conversing with her children on her painful illness, and praising them for the anxiety they had shown, she bids them ask whatever is most pleasing to them, and they shall have it; and now, in the words of the book.

She, "first addressing herself to Adolphus, desired to know what he would choose, and his desire was to have a cane and a watch, which his mother promised he should have the next morning, 'And pray, Leonora' (said Mrs. Lennox), 'what is your wish?' 'Me, mamma, me?' (answered she, trembling) 'if you do but love me, I have nothing left to wish for.' 'That is not an answer' (replied her mother), 'you shall have your recompense, likewise, miss, therefore speak your wish instantly.'

"However accustomed Leonora might have been to this severe tone, yet she felt it on this occasion more sensibly than ever before. She threw herself at her mother's feet, looked up to her with streaming eyes swimming in tears, and instantly hiding her face with both her hands, lisped out these words, 'Only give me two kisses such as you give my brother.'

"What heart could fail to relent at these words? Mrs. Lennox felt all the tender sentiments of a parent arise in her heart, and taking her up in her arms, she clasped her to her breast, and loaded her with kisses. The sweet Leonora, who now for the first time received her mother's caresses, gave way to the effusion

of her joy and love; she kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her breast, and her hands; and Adolphus, who loved his sister, mixed his embraces with hers; thus all had a share in this scene of unexpected happiness."



FROM "THE LOOKING-GLASS."

The reigns of George I and II have Hogarth for their illustrator, and introduce small frilled or puffed caps, loose gowns called "sacques," which were also mentioned as early as the reign of Charles II. The hoop was still worn, only kept altering its shape, until the fourth George abolished it altogether. Aprons had become part of the dress of a fashionable lady during this century, shortened and lengthened according to the caprices of fashion. In the picture from "The Looking-Glass," you will see the mother wears a long apron; and in all the pictures which head the several tales the children are portrayed in the same dresses as their parents. The hair is cut across the forehead, as it has lately been the fashion, and hangs down the back, with the mob cap surmounting it, tied round with a coloured riband. The foolish fashion of patches on the face and powder on the hair did not extend to the children. Satires were written in quantities against the extravagance of dress; caricatures of the gigantic headgear; but no ridicule affected them, nor was the fashion changed till, at the time of the revolution, it rushed from one extreme to the other; and from the long packed waist and hooped petticoats with the rich brocaded satins, it went to the lightest possible stuffs, clinging to the form, and into the waist, actually under the armpits.



FROM HOGARTH.



FROM GILLRAY.

A fashion-book of this date makes one wonder how it was possible that people in their senses could ever have made themselves such frights.

To the writers of fiction must be added now the

names of Miss Burney, whose "Camilla," "Evelina," and "Cecilia," are still in existence; Mrs. Inchbald, William Godwin, Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Opie, and the never-to-be-forgotten Miss Edgeworth, who commenced her brilliant career by her story of "Belinda." Her works are familiar still to all juvenile readers, and "children of a larger growth" can read with interest her charming "Moral Tales," and the sweet story of "Helen." But even then how scant was the child's library compared to the present day—to the flood of books which is now, as it were, poured on the infant mind; and not only written in admirable style, suited to the comprehension of a child, but also illustrated most beautifully, so that the eye is educated to beauty of form and colour.

The amusements of this date were scarcely changed in name or form, but improved in taste. The theatre was more decorous. Of the public gardens, Ranelagh, which had been so fashionable, was entirely done away with, and Vauxhall left to the middle classes. And in Miss Burney's Diary, after she became Madame D'Arblay, she mentions as a new entertainment a breakfast given in 1792. Another novelty introduced in 1802 was called a picnic supper; and was no doubt the beginning of those out-of-door amusements so enjoyable in the sultry summer days, and which by country children are looked forward to as one of the greatest summer treats. The picnics, however, of 1802, were on this wise: the picnic supper consisted of several dishes, and the subscribers to the entertainment had a bill of fare presented to them, with a number to each dish, and the number of the lot which each drew obliged him to provide the dish with the corresponding number, and this he took with him or sent by a servant. If there were a large number of subscribers, a handsome supper might be provided at a small expense. But amongst all the amusements there does not appear anything special for the children. No, *this* is their golden age.

Visit the modern toy-shops; see the dolls'-houses alone, with staircases and landings, the exquisite furniture, each separate piece a complete model;\* kitchens completely fitted with a stove and a boiler, into which water can really be poured, and all the *batterie de cuisine*, making an enthusiastic house-keeper wish herself a doll, so that her kitchen might be so complete. And the dolls themselves—why their little mothers are not half so rich: the seal-skin coats trimmed with sable; the muffs, the gloves, shoes, stockings, every article of wearing apparel; and the toilet requisites—brush, comb, pomade, powder and powder-puff, glass, and perfume and scented soap; and even dolly's literary tastes provided for by a desk, with miniature paper and envelopes, and a bookcase with tiny books. She can travel, too, for her port-manteau and imperial can be purchased, and her railway-rug nicely rolled up in its leather strap. She can go to the opera with opera-cloak, and fan, and opera-glass, and drawn in an elegant carriage, with her parasol, whip, and a pair of spirited ponies, with a dandy little groom to stand at their heads. The mechanical toys of this age, also, marvellously surpass the old days. The nigger playing the fiddle, winking at the spectators; the rabbit playing a tambour or a violoncello; a cow which is capable of being milked, from the fluid having been inserted through a

trap-door in her back,—which by pressure of her head can utter a most natural "Moo;" as a beautifully made lamb, with a real fleece, can also utter its plaintive "Baa." In short, the child now can cease to "pretend" if it has only money to buy, for in our present shops there are toys to suit every age and every requirement for either sex, so that there can be no fear that want of play and amusement can in this age make our Jacks and Jills dull boys and girls.

With the hope that these historical notes will have afforded my young readers some instruction as well as amusement, I now leave off writing, for the best of all reasons—because I have nothing more to say, for even that man of notoriously short memory, "the oldest inhabitant," will serve as a reference to the fourth George and William, besides many excellent books, which give the childhood of eminent men of that time. To make children happy goes a long way towards making them good, and good players make good workers; so success to those who help them play! And for the little ones themselves, God speed them in their play, and in their work, and God bless them always!

## REVOLUTION AND PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

BY SAMUEL MOSSMAN.

### I.

JAPAN is frequently designated the "Britain of the East." The group of islands forming its dominion approximates in area to that of the British Isles; and its insular position in relation to the Asiatic continent is much the same as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the continent of Europe. Moreover, the progressive civilisation of the Government and the wealthier classes of the people, compared with neighbouring States, and their desire to become a strong naval Power, gives the nation some of those characteristics which have raised Britain to its eminence among European States. But that which directs our attention to those islands of the "Far East," as a topic of special interest for our consideration, is the revolution that has taken place in their political condition within the past ten years. Since the rulers of the country entered into treaty relations with us, events have transpired, and are still passing, in Japan, that present remarkable similitude to the annals of England during the earlier portion of the thirteenth century, when the feudal barons struggled to maintain their supremacy in the government of the realm. As they united with their armed followers to secure certain privileges for their order from King John, when he was coerced to sign the famous Magna Charta, so the daimios, or barons of Japan, revolted against their sovereign with armies of feudal retainers, and by seizing the person of the mikado, or king, coerced him into a change of government, and secured rights and privileges equivalent to those contained in that great Act. With these resemblances between the two countries, the political and social condition of Japan has peculiar interest for the English reader, especially now that the Government has unequivocally entered the comity of nations. Bearing in mind such generalities of times and places as we have pointed out, without being too precise in matters of detail, a better idea will be formed of the rise and progress of the revolution in Japan than if the attendant circum-

\* Since writing the above I have seen a photograph from a doll-house in the reign of Queen Anne, which is published in a magazine called "Aunt Judy," so they may have existed even earlier than that. The toys ranged on the top of the house are all old friends too, but amazingly rough as compared with the finish of the present day.

stances were tested by any modern revolution in European States. At the outset, it is necessary to explain the relations between the monarch and his nobility, a subject on which much error prevails.

From the exclusive policy which the Japanese Government has hitherto adopted towards foreigners much mystery has enveloped the person and power of the sovereign and his subordinate rulers. These points have been cleared up by the events of this revolution in the State, by which a subsidiary Government, after an existence of about three centuries, has been entirely abolished. Hitherto it was supposed that the supreme power in the realm was vested in two personages; who, in the absence of more precise information, were designated by foreigners the "spiritual emperor" and the "temporal emperor." The former was said to be a sacred personage, occupied solely in ecclesiastical affairs, who spurned the temporalities of this world; while the latter conducted the temporal affairs on his own responsibility as sovereign ruler over the nobles and people. Not only was this view of the system of government in Japan generally entertained, and may be so still by persons not otherwise informed, but the representatives of the leading European Powers and the United States of America actually signed and ratified solemn treaties with the "temporal emperor," in the full belief that he was the real sovereign of the country. It does not say much for the astuteness of foreign ambassadors that they should have been deceived in this matter. Evidently they acted on the belief that Kœmpfer's erroneous account of the divided sovereignty was correct, especially as verified by the Dutch residents at Nagasaki for upwards of two centuries; who knew less of the true nature of the Government during that period than was ascertained by the British in two years after the negotiation of Lord Elgin's Treaty of Yedo in 1858.

That treaty was made with the supposed "temporal emperor," designated "His Majesty the Tycoon" in the articles of convention, but which is more properly written *Siogoon*, from the Japanese pronunciation, both being derived from the Chinese military title of Ta-tsiang-koon, signifying "great leader of the army." If the foreign ambassadors had made a more strict inquiry into the title and rank of the royal personage with whom they were supposed to be treating, his inferior position as generalissimo of the forces in Japan might have become apparent, and diplomatic relations transferred to the legitimate hereditary sovereign, the *Mikado*, or more properly *Mikoto*—also of Chinese derivation, signifying, "the great emperor." Be this as it may, it was not the policy of the tycoon and his representatives to disabuse the minds of the foreign envoys of their error. On the contrary, it was for his interest that the error should be entertained, which was no doubt covertly approved of by the mikado, as he could at any time declare the treaties null and void, if it suited his purpose, by intimating the fact to the foreign envoys that his servant, the commander of his forces, had no authority to conclude such treaties. Happily, the hereditary monarch of Japan has endorsed their articles intact with all the treaty Powers, chiefly through the diplomatic skill of Sir Harry Parkes, the present British Minister, who has had a personal audience with this previously mysterious, unapproachable personage. The result of these recent diplomatic transactions goes to prove that the mikado is no more

a "spiritual emperor" than the Emperor of Russia, as political head of the Greek Church in his dominions, or her Majesty as Defender of the Protestant Faith in Great Britain and its dependencies. Thus we might compare the relations of State subsisting between the mikado and tycoon as similar to that between the Queen as hereditary monarch of the British Isles and the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the forces.

In rendering the title of mikado as signifying "the great emperor," we take exception to it on the ground that it conveys a degree of imperial status that the sovereigns of Japan have no claim to, according to Asiatic titular rank, or indeed, European. If there be any intrinsic meaning in the title of emperor, it is where applied to a potentate ruling with absolute sway over his subjects, and not responsible in any degree to a superior monarch, as petty rulers are to imperial authority to whom they pay allegiance. In this sense Japan is not an empire, nor is the chief ruler an emperor, inasmuch as he sends tribute to the Emperor of China, who is the only acknowledged emperor (Whang Te) in eastern Asia, to whom the kings of Corea, Japan, Tartary, Tibet, Annam, and other States, owe allegiance, besides his absolute rule over China proper, with its multitudinous population of four hundred millions. Reduced to the Chinese standard, Japan is not so populous as some of the larger Chinese provinces, while the hereditary monarch is not entitled to a higher rank than his neighbour the king of Corea. On this principle the proper rendering of the mikado's title should be that of "king," and the geographical denomination of his dominions "Kingdom of Japan."

In pointing out these apparently trivial distinctions, it is not with a desire to detract from the importance of Japan as a treaty power with whom we have political and commercial relations. We simply wish to place the government and resources of that country in a proper light, divested of those nebulous visions of the power and wealth with which they have been hitherto surrounded; and from which our civil, military, and naval representatives have from time to time fallen into error, and which merchants engaged in commerce have to their loss entertained. It is frequently the custom of writers on Japan, who are not well versed in a knowledge of the country, people, and government, to make it appear a nation of such vast influence in the body politic as to rival China in its resources. Indeed, some enthusiastic writers go so far as to consider Japan and the Japanese as constituting an empire superior in every degree to the Chinese empire. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the material evidence on which the resources and power of the two nations are based, will at once see the disparity of their importance, not only among Asiatic States, but in their relations to European nations with whom they have intercourse. Without being invidious in the comparison, there is about as wide a distinction between the extent and power of China and Japan, as there is between Denmark and Russia. Moreover, Japan, as a civilised nation, owes its origin to China. Hence its system of government is based upon the theocratic despotism shadowed forth by the lawgiver Confucius, through whose writings the Chinese empire became consolidated under one supreme ruler. "No idea is more deeply rooted in the Japanese mind, than the one conveyed in the expression of the Chinese sage, and often quoted in Japan, 'In heaven there is one



sun, on the earth there is one emperor.' If there were any doubts as to the relative authority of the mikado and tycoon, nothing can more easily dispel such than the narrative and the woodcuts recently published in Japan, delineating a visit of the latter to his liege lord. In these may be seen the feet of the mikado resting on a stool, the upper part of his person concealed by a fine bamboo screen. In front of the footstool the tycoon is seen prostrate on his knees upon the matting, his head bent lowly to the ground. On either side of the mikado the highest dignitaries are seen sitting in an inferior attitude according to the rites and ceremonies of the court; and on each side of the tycoon one of the great daimios, or nobles of the country, lies prostrate a step lower.\* This pictorial representation illustrates at once the rank of the late tycoon, as chief of the daimios, whose degrees of title are various, like those of our own nobility, but all of them derived from the mikado as the only "fountain of honour."

Notwithstanding this inferiority in rank, the tycoon held a degree of power in the realm, partly elective and partly hereditary, which made him a formidable personage in the State. While the mikado held his court at Kioto, the metropolis (Miaco) of Japan, the tycoon had a separate court of his own at Yedo, the most populous city in the State. Here he was surrounded by the great daimios, who elected him in virtue of his family being descended from their great ancestor Taikosama, who obtained the highest rank and title granted to a subject in the sixteenth century for services rendered to the mikado in consolidating and bringing peace to his dominions. Previous to that period, Japan was in a state of anarchy through the weakness of the imperial rule allowing the stronger landed proprietors to seize the lands of their weaker neighbours, and raising armed bands of followers to maintain their possessions. Thus in time powerful clans arose, among whom continued warfare prevailed, like that which existed among the Scottish Highland clans in olden times. The chiefs of these clans were induced by Taikosama, and his successor Iyeyas, to abandon their personal feuds with each other, and form themselves into a united body rendering allegiance to the mikado, who transferred the chief power over them to the descendants of these great men, strengthening their position by conferring the rank of generalissimo of the forces, or tycoon, upon the person chosen by the chiefs or daimios from the hereditary families.

It was about the close of the sixteenth century when Iyeyas succeeded to the power and position of Taikosama, at a period when Europeans began to visit Japan. He is represented as having been a man of superior talent, who reduced the system of consolidation inaugurated by his predecessor to a perfect state of law and order that gave peace to the country. The principle upon which he based his system was to respect the mikado as hereditary sovereign, while he was with his court at Yedo deprived of the power of participating largely in the landed property of the country. He was called Emperor by the Portuguese and Dutch writers of the time, though he never gave, by any title he either assumed or received, any corroboration to the assumption. It was probably from witnessing the great power he held in the new system of government and his command of the troops, that the distinc-

tion came to be made by foreigners between a temporal and spiritual emperor. In devising his new plan of an executive government, Iyeyas left the emperor's court at Kioto untouched. That was above him. The lowest officer there was his superior in rank until the mikado should give him a title. The nobility of that court are the peers of the realm, whose names and pedigrees are enrolled in the peerage, which is not the case with the names and titles of the daimios. According to the Chinese terms from which these are derived, the former are classed as *Koon-gay*, signifying "a noble or just family;" and the latter, *Jeen-gay*, meaning "low, or on a level with the ground." The late tycoon himself was one of the *Jeen-gay*, and was only the greatest daimio until the mikado granted him superior rank. When Iyeyas was firmly seated in his post as tycoon, he had a large number of adherents who expected to be rewarded. Of these the most influential were the large landed proprietors or chiefs of clans, whose territories were defended by bands of armed retainers. Originally there were only seventeen of these daimios of the first class, but now there are twenty-one. They had the power of life and death among their retainers, with local jurisdiction over the inhabitants within their territories, so that in the provinces they held a semi-independent power. But on the other hand, each daimio was compelled to repair at stated intervals to Yedo; to leave his wife and children there; to keep up a large establishment in that city, and to pay the accustomed homage to the tycoon as his feudal lord, who retained the power of taking from them their territories in case of their becoming dangerous vassals. There are three other classes of daimios, whose orders arose through privileges bestowed upon the relatives of Iyeyas; friends who contributed to his rise to power, and officers of his army or those who assisted him in civil capacities. These now form numerous classes of inferior daimios, but none of whom have the power and influence of the first class.\*

## LIFE IN ROME.

### II.—BRIGANDAGE—THE POPE.

NEWSPAPERS in Rome, which are a new institution, rejoice, like those of every other city, in any subject of excitement; therefore every now and then you hear of some startling story of brigands, now outside one gate of the city, now outside another, a proof of the inextinguishable audacity of those villains, it is said, and of the inefficiency of the municipal guard or police. But those attempts of highway robbery in the daytime, in the very vicinity of the city, are of the most ordinary character, and have little if any claim to brigand origin. Nevertheless, a case of unquestionable brigandage did occur during last August at Velletri, which deserves some notice, especially when taken in connection with another circumstance of a somewhat extraordinary character. An old and notorious brigand chief, by name Gasperone, with six of his followers, the sole remains of a once numerous band, were released, after an imprisonment of nearly half a century in the fortress of Civita Castellana, and came to Rome. Here they attracted no little attention, and many an old story

\* See frontispiece to "Japan," by W. Dickson.

\* W. Dickson on the "Daimios of Japan," in "Chinese and Japanese Repository," and his work on "Japan."

was revived of the *papalini* brigands, who in a sort of way belonged to the Church, and who regarded the Holy Father and the blessed Madonna as the head and the heart of whatever traditional religion their darkened souls were capable of.

Pio Nono, indeed, might be suspected, without any great stretch of the imagination, of regarding the brigand fraternity very much in the light of his prodigal sons, whom he was willing at the first movement on their part to receive into favour. Thus, a military force, composed of brigands, made themselves very conspicuous in Rome, as defenders of the head of the church, in September, 1870, against the army of Victor Emmanuel. They were a wild, ferocious band, wearing tall caps and red sashes, and filled the quiet non-*papalini* inhabitants with no small terror. The whole force was, however, taken prisoners by the victorious Italian army on its entrance into Rome, and sent to the fortress of the Maremma, upwards of thirty of them making their escape on their way thither.

But, as far as the Holy Father may be suspected of a somewhat tender feeling towards these, his wild and outlawed children, it must be borne in mind that old brigand-blood stands very near his throne, and aids his councils no farther off than in the person of Cardinal Antonelli, who is a native of Sonnino, one of the old brigand strongholds in the Alban hills. Many a brigand's head, inclosed in an iron cage, has been suspended from St. Peter's gate in Sonnino; and brigands, whether they died in their beds, or on the scaffold, amassed much wealth, and lived in good houses. In one of these, dismal enough and large enough to be the castle of a robber-knight of the middle ages, Antonelli was born. The lad, it is said, early showing great abilities, the father determined to make him a priest, and placed him in the Jesuit College, where he greatly distinguished himself, and finally rose to his present high office.

Sonnino, as I have just said, was the head-quarters of brigands, and here, half a century ago, a formidable and ferocious band was headed by that very Gasperone, who was released from his long imprisonment during the last summer, and whose wild and terrible achievements will furnish material for romancers for many an age. Gasperone was not, however, a native of Sonnino, but of Prossidi, another village in the same mountain district, and where, in the year 1860, M. About, who visited these brigand villages, found that only fifteen boys went to school out of a population of fifteen hundred. Gasperone was then, and had been for thirty years, in prison at Civita Castellana, where About visited him, and found him, as might be expected, the hero as well as the master of the place. "He literally," says About, "reigns like a monarch in the prison;" and then proceeding to relate how the old bandit, whose court was composed of thirteen or fourteen of his old companions and subordinates of crime, received him in a large chamber, which served him as a sort of throne room, he says, "He is a grand old man of remarkable beauty, tall and haughty in his bearing, his features regular, and his eye brilliant. He wears a long white beard, and his face is powdered with tiny bluish spots from the explosion of a gun. His dress, of coarse cloth, was that of a peasant in easy circumstances, for he is no more required to wear the prison dress than if he ranked with ordinary convicts. He lives by himself, surrounded by his old companions, and his *ennui* is relieved by the visits of strangers."

The only traces which he has retained of the mountains where he was born, are the dialect, and the sandals, which have descended from the most remote ages. The sandals are still seen in Rome as a portion of the *contadini* dress, though otherwise wholly abandoned, and, like the moccasins of the American Indian, they give a stealthy, noiseless character to the tread, which must have been particularly appropriate to the skulking, wily brigand. The wearer of the *ciocie* is called *ciociari*, a designation now used in Rome as a term of contempt, as a peasant in England is sometimes called a chawbacon. It is said that Antonelli in his youth wore the *ciocie*. But to return to Gasperone.

"He advanced," says About, "three steps to meet me, extending his hand with a patronising smile, his courtiers and a few *gendarmes* forming a circle round him. His manners were a little stiff, and, though he seemed pre-occupied by the idea of his own greatness, yet he did not want for a certain *bonhomie*. He remained standing whilst we were seated, but less from any sense of humility than in the spirit of the Roman prince, who said, 'I never seat myself with a man of the middle class.' However, when I spoke of Sonnino and of Maria Gracia," the somewhat celebrated widow of two brigands whom About had visited, "the old man yielded to the pleasure of conversation. He protested against his captivity as being illegal. The *gendarmes*, he argued, did not take him, neither did he surrender. He accepted an interview which was offered him with the governor to sign a treaty, and that the rights of person were violated by his being then forcibly detained." After a good half hour's conversation, About retired, when Gasperone, who evidently wished to impress him favourably, offered him, as a *souvenir*, a printed list of the murders which he had committed, to the amount of upwards of a hundred. The Frenchman, who had on entering taken the offered hand, which had been red with so much blood, without any repugnance, was at once revolted by this bare-faced chronicle of crime, and refused to receive it, to the no small astonishment of the old murderer, who remarked that Englishmen never objected to take it.

Ten years later, that is, in July last summer, this notorious old brigand chief, who had then been forty-six years in prison, had his liberty given him, as had also those who remained of his companions in crime, six only of thirteen or fourteen; and on a brilliant summer day they found themselves in Rome, conveyed thither by railway. No Rip Van Winkle or any other sleeper returning again into the busy world, after an oblivion of an entire century, could have beheld with greater astonishment the change which had come over everything, than did these old-world brigands when, after travelling by railway, they found themselves in Rome, no longer the city of the Holy Father, no longer a city of refuge for the brigand. Everything changed; the very streets by night as light as by day. The King of Savoy now King of all Italy; even their old patron, the King of Naples, gone; and His Holiness and all the cardinals prisoners in the Vatican, even as they had been in Civita Castellana! They looked around them in astonishment and dismay. The very world had turned itself upside down in these six and forty years! Nevertheless, as they slowly walked along the streets, spirits of their own kind were attracted from many a dark den and corner, and Gasperone

seemed as likely to become a hero in Rome as he had been in the prison of Civita Castellana. For this reason the municipality ordered him and his old companions to remove from the city.

Whither they went I know not; but, singularly enough, almost immediately afterwards, the newspapers reported the attack of brigands at Velletri, only about twenty miles from Rome, and just on the line of the Naples railway. It was on the 15th of August, that one Signor Marini Giovanni and another gentleman from Ariano were seized, and 12,000 scudi demanded as ransom. But these things could not now be done as easily as in the days of Gasperone. The very demand for ransom set to work the electric telegraph, the *gendarmes* set off in instant pursuit, and the brigands fled, leaving their victims bound to a tree, where they remained through one night, with no further harm.

If this were not the work of Gasperone's band, as there is no improbability that it was, yet it is not unlikely that the inspiration of his presence reawoke the old spirit, and so the attempt was made.

Another fertile newspaper topic has reference to the Pope—now his failing health and approaching death, and now his removal from Rome to some other country. The proposal made to the French Government for his going to Avignon being refused, the Jesuits who surround him next urged upon him the reopening of the Œcumenical Council, to be held either at Malta or Trent. But of course before this could be done the permission of England or Austria must be obtained.

The Pope, however, according to information which seemed reliable, eluded the object of the Jesuits, by replying that, though he did not object

to the reopening of the Œcumenical Council, yet that he should merely send a representative to preside there, he himself being determined not to quit the Vatican. It was further stated, as in confirmation, that he had ordered all the proceedings of the late Council to be sealed and placed in the archives of the Vatican, which, if it be correct, looks very much like there being an end of the Council altogether. Nevertheless, it is said that preparations have been made on a large scale, either for flight or for the security and easy removal, in case of need, of the immense wealth which is contained in the Vatican. That there is a very uneasy state of things there is an unquestionable fact, even though a belief exists to a large extent, either that by miracle, or by the intervention of some friendly Catholic monarch, the temporal power will be restored to the head of the Church before long.

In the meantime Pio Nono seems resolute on one subject at least, whether he has faith in coming events or not, and that is, to remain at the Vatican, and it is very possible that, considering his age, he finds his life, spite of his voluntary captivity, by no means unpleasant there. No onerous duties are laid upon him; he is not compelled to appear in public, and to perform the part, as of a puppet, under which, it is said, he has at times almost fainted. He has his court, so to speak, daily around him; he is an object of interest and tender compassion to thousands of people all the world over; and is flattered by the continual presentation of strangers to him, who, if they have no higher motive in visiting him than curiosity, kneel to him, and kiss his hand, and sometimes his foot, and, charmed by his low, melodious voice, often receive his blessing with tears.

Rome.

MARY HOWITT.

## OUR FIELD-NATURALISTS' CLUB.

### EXCURSION IV.

#### OVER SOME OLD SEA-BEDS: WITH THE GEOLOGISTS AND BOTANISTS.

THE London Geologists' Association, the most popular of all the field excursion clubs of the metropolis, convenes us this sunny Saturday afternoon at Euston railway station for a trip to Watford, in Hertfordshire, about sixteen miles from town. From Watford we are to make our way afoot to the celebrated Cassiobury Park, taking some geological excavations on our route, and from thence back towards Bushey, where we shall find other attractions of the geological kind. A sylvan and pastoral country awaits us, where grand forest beeches will tell us we have left behind us the London clay, with its elms and stunted oaks, and have reached the country of the chalk. Nor are there wanting breezy heaths in the varied region to which we go.

Stanmore Heath (504 feet above the Thames) is close upon our route, and impressive beyond description is the view of London which we get from this the highest ground in Middlesex. The lover of landscape scenery, pent up in the great city all the week, and athirst for rural sights and sounds, and the admirers of old English parks and mansions, may safely accompany the seeker for fossils and plants in this our excursion. In the valley of the Colne, and close to Watford, is Moor Park, the seat of Lord Ebury, as well as Cassiobury, the more ancient seat of the Earls of Essex.

Our train to Watford starts at 2.10 P.M. After burrowing through Primrose Hill tunnel, we begin

to get clear of London, and to emerge upon a wider horizon. At Willesden Junction we are reinforced by a detachment of geological ladies (members of our society and their friends). They are armed with hammers, in true professional style, and provided with bags for fossils. The example of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and other ladies of geological repute, is at length beginning to tell, it would seem, upon the fair sex generally.

We now cross the River Brent, reach Sudbury, Harrow, Pinner, and Bushey—not the Bushey of the chestnuts, which is on the South-Western Railway, but Bushey in Hertfordshire, on the London and North-Western line—and are at length within sight of the scene of our explorations.

A lesson in the ancient physical geography of Middlesex and Hertfordshire may be learned by excursionists on leaving Bushey, and crossing the River Colne for Watford. The humble Colne of to-day, be it observed, is the diminished representative of its former self, as we may easily see from the width of its valley, and the extent of the old alluvium which strews its dry and deserted banks. It marks the boundary of the London clay of Middlesex and the outcrop of the underlying chalk. In crossing the Colne, then, we are actually passing from one old world to another. The division between these two worlds is well marked on the horizon by an



escarpment which runs from Bushey to Hatfield on our right, and to Rickmansworth on our left.

At Watford station we all alight from the train, and prepare for an excursion on foot. The first spot of geological interest is at Watford tunnel, nearly a mile ahead. That vexed question of the field-naturalists' clubs, "Are railway sections available for our excursions?" has been settled in this instance by an early negotiation with the authorities. We deem it well, however, to charter a ticket-inspector to accompany us along the line in case of danger from the trains. As we proceed, the chalky walls of the open cutting gradually get higher, until at Watford tunnel we are in front of some good vertical exposures of chalk overlaid with gravel. Here, perhaps, some of the secrets of the underground world may be revealed to us.

A picture of wreck and destruction lies before us. Thousands of tons of mere fragments of rock lie around us, mixed in confusion together. We read here a chapter of the past years of England's submarine history. All this wreck was drifted hither during the time of the great glacial submergence of Britain. The gravel before us is a drift gravel. Here is a boulder of beautiful Lickey quartz borne hither from its native rock in Worcestershire, and here is a fragment of millstone grit from the coal districts of England. Bits of slate, too, lie around us. These fragments of distant northern rocks were transported southwards at a time when England had not as yet arisen "from out the azure main." The superincumbent waters and ice-rafts, and possibly icebergs, had then free passage over the area of future Britain. The submerged rocks were wasted by the glacial seas, their material disintegrated and drifted far away, as we see in this railway cutting to-day. These gravels at Watford are known as the middle glacial beds. The chalky boulder clay, or upper glacial, is the next overlying formation, as we may see at Finchley and Muswell Hill.

Let us not forget to carry away with us a lump of this "pudding stone," as it is called by the workmen. In vain you try to pick out the plums. The flint pebbles are stuck fast in the sandy matrix. Millstones (called "querns") used to be made by our rude forefathers out of this singular conglomerate. "Querns" are still to be seen in some parts of rural England, where they are preserved as family relics. Indeed, we are told that they are still in use as millstones in villages not very far from London.

Now for Cassiobury Park. Just in front of Watford tunnel, you turn to the left, and pass through a pretty bit of woodland. Here "the rathe primrose" abounds on every side. Oh that some of the dwellers in our London courts and alleys could share the sight! The mosses, too, are plentiful, especially the common rough-stalked feather moss (*hypnum rutabulum*) and the equally common cord moss (*Funaria hygrometrica*): so are some of the spurges, notably the dog's mercury (*mercurialis perennis*)—

"And there upon the sod below,  
Ground ivy's purple blossoms show  
Like helmet of Crusader knight,  
Its anther's cross, like form of white."

In the arable fields beyond this copse, a large wild cherry-tree is in glorious blossom. It is on the verge of a wood, according to its habit. Some very noticeable Scotch firs stand at the gates of Cassiobury Park. (The Scotch fir, by the way, is a pine.) Every

landscape painter appreciates the pink shining bark of this tree, especially for glowing sunsets. The sombre head of foliage, too, is equally remarkable for its artistic uses. The depth of the shadow, which is admired so much, is owing to the needle-like form of the leaves, which afford no surface for the light to shimmer upon. How different is the sheeny aspect of our broad-leaved deciduous trees! This needle-like character of the foliage of the pines is lost in certain climates. "The dammaras of Amboyna and New Zealand, reeking with warm waters, dilate their lungs, broaden their leaves, and grow in height and girth without restraint," says an eminent French naturalist.

What a scene opens before us as we enter Cassiobury Park! Magnificent beech-trees line the avenue, soaring aloft in true forest mien. Their smooth trunks are of a delicate grey-green, which deepens here and there into olive. The beech is so rarely seen near London that we may be pardoned for our raptures over these beautiful specimens. (There is not a beech to be seen in our London public parks, nor yet in our suburbs, except one or two in Caen Wood, Hampstead.) At the end of this avenue at Cassiobury, some grand old cedars of Lebanon come into view. They send out great floors of foliage, story upon story; here and there a great frond pierces the upper air beyond the rest. These fine cedars are worthy of so historical a spot as Cassiobury. This beautiful park is no less than 600 acres in extent. It is divided into the Home Park (350 acres), and the Upper Park (about 250 acres). Would that we could give a whole Saturday afternoon to its sylvan delights!

Cassiobury signifies literally the *bury*, or burg of the Cassii, an early British tribe. The hundred in which it is situate is still called in the county documents the hundred of Cassio. "Being the only burg within the manor of Cassio during the Saxon era, it might have been either the seat of justice for the hundred or an occasional retreat of some of the British princes residing at Verulamium, of whom Cassibelaunus was one." By some writers it is stated to have been the actual seat or home of Cassibelaunus. The house was rebuilt in 1803 by the architect of Fonthill Abbey. How many Londoners are aware that both Cassiobury House and Hatfield House (Lord Salisbury's) are occasionally open to the public? These are, indeed, specimens of "the stately homes of England," standing among their "tall ancestral trees."

Our next geological section, to which we must now hasten, is at Watford kiln, about four miles hence. The country is in beautiful condition and full of interest, so that the walk is not too long. We follow the road by Watford, across the Rickmansworth railway by Wiggin Hall, and then pass Bushey station, which is a little distance to our left. Just beyond is Watford kiln.

Sharks' teeth and oyster-shells of ancient date are the principal attraction for fossil-seekers at this Watford kiln section. The geological formation which contains them is called the basement bed of the London clay. At Hampstead, if we wished to obtain the same fossils, we should have to bore down into the earth for a depth of at least 400 feet to reach them, but at this spot all this immense thickness of London clay is missing, and the basement bed is exposed to the light of day. How has this 400 feet thickness of London clay been removed? and when?

Why, by the seas and rivers which were once planing and scouring the surface, in far-gone pre-historic ages. Here is another chapter in that history of submarine England to which we have already alluded.

But to return to the sharks' teeth. Descending into the pit, we take out our large clasp-knives or use the pick-end of our hammers, and work along the face of the section of sandy clay, especially where the flint pebbles are. This pebble-band of the London clay is a sure place for sharks' teeth. Don't handle the earth rashly in getting out the pebbles, or you will certainly pierce or tear your flesh with the tooth of the "ravin'd salt-sea shark." Before now we have found out to our cost that a fossil shark's tooth suffers nothing in point or brilliancy by its long imprisonment in the ground. We are soon rewarded for our trouble by these and other specimens.

These are the teeth of sharks that once procured their prey over this very spot at Watford where we are now standing. The sea in which the monsters lived has long since drained off and disappeared, but the sea-bed has been left behind unto this day, and in it we find the remains of the finny tribe which once sported over the Watford of the future. Death in the course of nature overtook these denizens of the deep, and they sank to be embedded in the oozy bottom which has now become dry land.

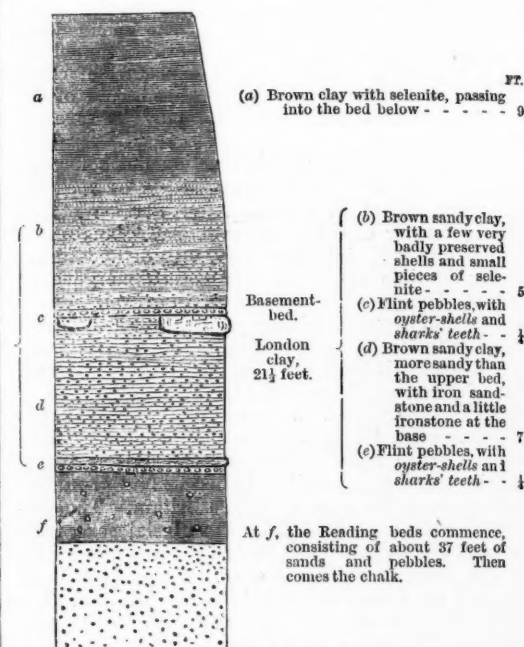
Fossil-seeking, romantic as it is, is almost uninteresting apart from what is called "stratigraphical geology." Now this Watford section is a capital example of stratigraphy, as well as a revelation of the life-history of the past. On the next column is a drawing of it from a section by Mr. W. Whitaker, in the "Geological Survey."

Field-geologists, especially those who live inland, away from the crumbling cliffs and sea-shore, soon learn to appreciate brickfields and similar places of excavation for commercial purposes. It is at such

and its foliage has a purple tinge. Here, too, among the cowslips we see—

"The vernal pilewort's globe unfold  
Its star-like disk of burnish'd gold."

The leaf of this pretty celandine tells us it belongs to the buttercup family. The cuckoo-pint, too, with its large arrow-shaped leaves, is plentiful in the hedge bottoms, and *luzula campestris* in the grass.



SECTION AT WATFORD HEATH KILN, YIELDING SHARKS' TEETH AND OYSTER-SHELLS.



TEETH OF SHARKS FROM WATFORD—(Basement Bed of London Clay).  
1 and 2, *Lamna elegans*. 3, *Otodus obliquus*.

places as these Watford sand and clay pits that we get just the information about the interior of the earth which a natural cliff escarpment supplies at the seaside.

But our Saturday afternoon is waning, and we must make our way to Bushey station. We pass through some beautiful pastures on our way, so that we may have a glance at the Bushey kiln section. The grass in these luxuriant meadows is jewelled with flowers; again we think of the London myriads who know them not either by sight, or scent, or name. Here is the wood anemone growing in the open fields. It is not so large as those we find in the woodlands,

Of Bushey kiln, which we have now arrived at, we will only say enough to guide those who may like to follow us in this tour of the Watford geological district. The excavations reveal the basement-bed of the London clay, with a band of large oyster-shells at the bottom. They are further interesting as showing the underlying Reading beds in which the drifting action of former sea-currents is particularly noticeable.

Bushey railway station, from which we return to town, is not quite a mile from Bushey kiln. Somewhat tired we may well be with our rambles over so wide and tempting a country. Our stock of specimens, geological and botanical, Lickey quartz, millstone grit, Hertfordshire pudding-stone, and sharks' teeth, as well as the flowers and mosses and funguses we have occasionally picked up on our route, more than rewards us for our journey. An excursion with a definite purpose is always less fatiguing than a desultory ramble, and for the thorough social enjoyment of nature, commend us to our Field-Naturalists' Club, in which every department of natural history finds a genial and able expositor. And now, as we talk over the discoveries and adventures of the afternoon, our train bears us rapidly away from the pleasant country of the ancient Cassii, its parks, heaths, woodlands, and sandpits, and its graveyards of far more ancient races.

H. W.